

Lincoln, Carversville

On the turkey farm
They mean to do you harm
Buried on the hill
Down in Carversville

Your sister is your mother
Your father is your brother
That's why everyone is ill
Down in Carversville

The corn is high
The river is low
There's nowhere to go

I'm down in Carversville
I'm down in Carversville
Where everyone is very ill
Down in Carversville

No one beats the clock
Scissors, paper, rock
There's always time to kill
When you're down in Carversville

Everyone's in drag
Halfway in the bag
Abbie Hoffman's still
Down in Carversville

The corn is high
The river is low
There's nowhere to go

Down in Carversville
I'm down in Carversville
Where everyone is standing still
Down in Carversville

Down in Carversville

I'm down in Carversville